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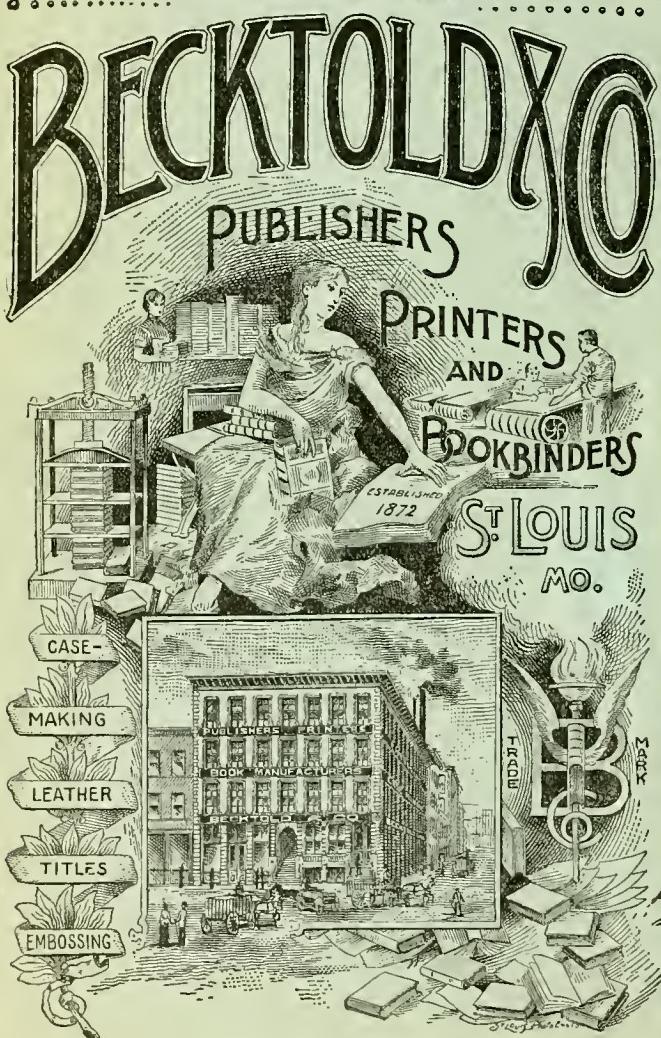
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GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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VOL. XXIX.

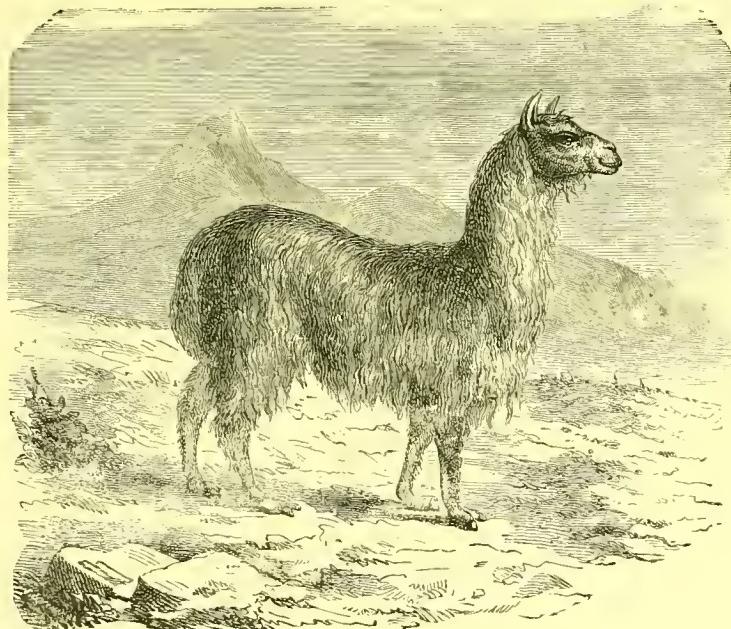
SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1894.

No. 4.

SOME COUSINS OF THE CAMEL.

THE llama is an inhabitant of the mountainous regions of Peru and Chili. About the height of a small horse, and possessing some of the characteristics of the sheep, it really belongs, by its structure and use, to the family of the

Like the camel, the llama has two toes on each foot; hard caps, or callosities, on its breast; and the peculiar formation of the stomach for storing water. Unlike the camel, its toes are entirely separated, and armed with claws or talons to catch upon smooth



THE LLAMA.

camel. From a remote date it has been to the Peruvians what the reindeer is to the Lapps or the camel to the merchant of the desert, the one animal of many uses. Besides being a beast of burden, it has furnished the Peruvians with food and clothes.

surfaces, though on the under side the toes are provided with easy cushions. It is evident that, while the camel is adapted to move on the sandy plain, the llama is peculiarly suited to rougher and more uneven footing.

The llama, and its cousins the alpaca,

or paca, and the smaller vicunia, find their most agreeable home on the highly elevated plains or mountain-tables of the Andes. Between eight and twelve thousand feet high is their favorite altitude, and they are apt to suffer or die when compelled to live on lower levels. "The alpaca is a variety of the llama, remarkable for the length and fleecy softness of its hair; its head is shorter than that of the llama, and the texture of the fleece is very peculiar, inasmuch that for the manufacture of a variety of textile fabrics it has recently become extremely valuable as an article of commerce.

"The color of the alpaca is very variable; some individuals are jet-black, others brown, pied, or spotted. The Peruvians do not employ this animal as a beast of burden in their native country, but prize it solely on account of its wool, of which pouches are made. The vicunia, another variety of the same race, is not larger than a sheep; its hair, or rather wool, is extremely soft and so fine as to be employed in the manufacture of the most costly fabrics."

An old writer on Peru, in 1544, says: "In places where there is no snow, the natives want water, and to supply this they fill the skins of sheep with water, and make other living sheep carry them; for it must be remarked that these sheep of Peru are large enough to serve as beasts of burden. They can carry about one hundred pounds or more, and the Spaniards used to ride them, and they would go four or five leagues a day. When they are weary they lie down upon the ground, and as there are no means of making them get up, either by beating or assisting them, the load must of necessity be taken off. When there is a man on one of them, if the beast is tired, and urged to go

on, he turns his head around, and discharges his saliva, which has an unpleasant odor, into the rider's face.

"These animals are of great use and profit to their masters, for their wool is very good and fine, particularly that of the species called pacas, which have very long fleeces. And the expense of their food is trifling, as a handful of maize suffices them, and they can go four or five days without water. Their flesh is as good as that of the fat sheep of Castile." These animals were domesticated from a remote antiquity, as is evident from the fact that in the graves of the Incas, clothing made from alpaca-wool has been found.

Squier, in his descriptive sketches of Peruvian travel, writes: "The merchants of Tacna have built there a rude enclosure for the droves of llamas that come from the interior with products for the coast, and here is also a little cluster of buildings for persons connected with the trade, homely and poor, but a welcome refuge for the tired traveler. As we rode up, a troop of more than a thousand llamas, with proudly-curved necks, erect heads, great, inquiring, timid eyes, and conspicuous ears thrust forward to catch the faintest sound of danger, each with its hundred pounds of ore secured in sacks on its back, led, not driven, by quaintly costumed Indians, filed past us into the enclosure of the establishment."

"The Spaniards were amazed," says Prescott, by the number as well as the magnitude of the flocks of llamas which they saw browsing on the stunted herbage that grows in the elevated regions of the Andes. Sometimes they were gathered in inclosures, but more usually were roaming at large under the conduct of their Indian shepherds; and the conquerors now learned, for the first time,

that these animals were tended with as much care, and their migrations as nicely regulated, as those of the vast flocks of merinos in their own country.

Of the four varieties of the Peruvian sheep, the llama, the one most familiarly known, is the least valuable on account of its wool. It is chiefly employed as a beast of burden, for which, although it is somewhat larger than any of the other varieties, its diminutive size and strength would seem to disqualify it. It carries a load of little more than a hundred pounds, and cannot travel above three or four leagues a day. But all this is compensated by the little care and cost required for its management and its maintenance. It picks up an easy subsistence from the moss, and stunted herbage that grow scantily along the withered sides and steppes of the Cordilleras.

"The structure of its stomach enables it to dispense with any supply of water for weeks, nay, months together. Its spongy hoof, armed with a claw or pointed talon to enable it to take secure hold on the ice, never requires to be shod; and the load laid upon its back rests securely in its bed of wool without the aid of girth or saddle. The llamas move in troops of five hundred, or even a thousand, and thus, though each individual carries but little, the aggregate is considerable. The whole caravan travels on at its regular pace, passing the night in the open air, without suffering from the coldest temperature, and marching in perfect order, and in obedience to the voice of the driver."

And Hartwick, in "The Tropical World," says: "The llama, and its near relations, the alpaca, the huanacu, and the vicunia, the largest four-footed animals which Peru possessed before the Spaniards introduced the horse or

the ox, are all natives of the Puna. Long before the invasion of Pizarro, the llama was used by the Peruvians as a beast of burden, and was not less serviceable to them than the camel to the Arabs of the desert. The wool served for the material of a coarse cloth; the milk and flesh as food; the skin as a warm covering or mantle; and without the assistance of the llama it would have been impossible for the Indians to transport goods or provisions on the high table-lands of the Andes, or for the Incas to have founded and maintained their vast empire.

"The llama is also historically remarkable as the only animal domesticated by the aboriginal Americans. The reindeer of the north and the bison of the prairies enjoyed then, as they do now, their savage independence; the llama alone was obliged to submit to the yoke of man. The Indians often travel with large herds of llamas to the coast to fetch salt. Each day these journeys are very short, for the llamas never feed after sunset, and are thus obliged to graze while journeying, or to rest for several hours. While reposing they utter a peculiar low tone, which at a distance resembles the sound of an Æolian harp.

"A loaded herd of llamas traversing the high table-lands affords an interesting spectacle. Slowly and stately they proceed, casting inquisitive glances on every side. On seeing any strange object which excites fears, they immediately scatter in every direction, and their poor drivers have great difficulty to gather the herd. The Indians, who are very fond of these animals, decorate their ears with ribbons, hang little bells about their necks, and always caress them before placing the burden on their back. When one of them drops from

fatigue, they kneel at its side and strive to encourage it for further exertion by a profusion of flattering epithets and gentle warnings."

THE ARTICLES OF FAITH.

(Lectures by Elder James E. Talmage, before the Church University Theology Class, Salt Lake City).

SUNDAY, Dec. 10, 1893.

4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: (1) Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; (2) Repentance; (3) Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; (4) Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.

BAPTISM, (CONTINUED.)

BAPTISM ESSENTIAL TO SALVATION.—

Most of the proofs concerning the object of baptism apply with equal propriety to the proposition that baptism is necessary for salvation, for inasmuch as remission of sins constitutes a special purpose of baptism; and as no soul can be saved in the kingdom of heaven with unforgiven sins, it is plain from this reason alone that baptism is essential to salvation. Salvation is promised to man on condition of obedience to the commands of God; and as the scriptures conclusively prove, baptism is one of the most important of such requirements. Baptism, being commanded of God must be essential to the purpose for which it is instituted, for our Father deals not with mere and unnecessary forms. Baptism is a law of the gospel, applicable to all beings who have attained in the flesh to years of accountability before God; none are exempt. Even Christ, the Lamb of God standing as a man without sin in the midst of a world of sin, was baptized, "to fulfill all righteousness,"* such being the purpose, as declared by the Savior Himself, to the

hesitating priest who zealous as he was for his great mission yet demurred when asked to baptize the Messiah. Centuries before the great event, Nephi, prophesying among the people in the western world, foretold the baptism of the Savior, and beautifully explained how righteousness would be thereby fulfilled;* if notwithstanding Christ being holy "He humbleth Himself before the Father, and witnesseth unto the Father that He would be obedient unto Him in keeping His commandments." Plainly then, it was no empty form, but an essential element in the plan of righteousness that Christ be baptized, "And now" in the language of the prophet last quoted, "if the Lamb of God, He being holy should have need to be baptized by water to fulfill all righteousness, O then, how much more need have we, being unholy, to be baptized?"†

The words of the Savior, spoken while He ministered in the flesh, declare baptism as indispensable to salvation. One of the rulers of the Jews, Nicodemus, came to Christ by night and made a profession of confidence in the instructions of the Savior, whom he designated as "a teacher come from God." Seeing his faith, Jesus taught unto him one of the chief laws of heaven, saying, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." A question by Nicodemus called forth from the Savior the additional declaration, "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."‡ It may be considered as practically indisputable that the watery birth here referred to as essential to entrance into the kingdom, is baptism. We learn

* Nephi xxxi, 6-8.

† II Nephi, xxxi, 5.

‡ John iii, 1-5.

further concerning Christ's attitude toward baptism, that He required the ordinance of those who professed to become His disciples.* When appearing to the Eleven in His resurrected state, giving them His farewell blessing and final commission, He commanded them, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,"† and concerning the results of baptism He taught them that "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not [shall] be damned."‡ Plain as seems the spirit of these instructions and promises, there are nevertheless many who, while professing to teach the doctrine of the Redeemer, evade the meaning of His precepts, and declare that because He said "he that believeth not shall be damned," instead of "he that is not baptized shall be damned," baptism is after all not essential but a mere convenience or simple propriety in the plan of salvation. It is a mockery of faith to profess belief in Christ while refusing to abide by His commandments. To believe the word of God and do it not, is to increase our culpability; such a course but adds hypocrisy to other sin. Surely the full penalty provided for wilful unbelief will fall to the lot of the professed believer who refuses obedience to the very principles in which he boasts of having faith. And what can be said of the sincerity of one who refuses to obey the divine commands, except there be specific penalties provided for disobedience. Can such a one's repentance be sincere, when he now is submissive only through fear of punishment? However,

as we shall see, in stating this principle for the government of the Saints in the present dispensation, the Lord's words are more particular and specific, "And he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not, and is not baptized shall be damned."*

The same doctrine concerning the necessity of baptism was preached by the servants of Christ, particularly those who were immediately associated with Him in the ministry. John the Baptist testifies that he had been appointed to baptize with water,† and concerning those who accepted his teachings, the Savior declared that they, even though they were Publicans justified God, while the Pharisees and lawyers who refused to be baptized, thereby "rejected the counsels of God against themselves,"‡ thereby, most assuredly forfeiting their claim to salvation. As already pointed out, Peter, the chief of the apostles had but one answer to give to the eager multitude seeking to know the essentials of salvation, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you."§

Christ's humble compliance with the will of His Father by submitting to baptism even though He stood sinless, surely declares to the world in language more forceful than words, that none are exempt from this condition, that baptism indeed is a requisite for salvation. So no evidence of divine favor, no bestowal of heavenly gifts excuses man from obedience to this and other requirements of the gospel. Many illustrations of this fact have been given in connection with the purpose of baptism. Saul of Tarsus, though permitted to hear the voice of His Redeemer, could only enter the church

* John iv, 1-2.

† Matt. xxviii, 19.

‡ Mark xvi, 16.

* Doc. and Cov., exii, 29.

† John i, 33.

‡ Luke vii, 30.

§ Acts ii, 38; see also I Peter, iii, 21.

of Christ through the portals of baptism by water and by the Holy Ghost.* Afterward he preached baptism, declaring that by that ordinance may "we put on Christ," becoming the children of God. Cornelius, the centurion, was acknowledged of God through prayers and alms, and an angel came to him, and instructed him to send for Peter, who would tell him what to do. The Apostle having been specially prepared by the Lord for this mission, entered into the house of the penitent Gentile, though to do such, was to violate the customs of the Jews, and taught him and his family of Christ Jesus. Even while Peter was speaking, the Holy Ghost fell upon his hearers, so that they testified by the gift of tongues, and greatly magnified God.† Yet the bestowal of such great gifts, in no degree exempted them from compliance with the law of baptism; and Peter commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord.

Christ's ministers on the western hemisphere, were not less energetic in promulgating the doctrine of baptism among their peoples. Lehi‡ and his son Nephi,§ each testified of the baptism of the Savior,* and of the absolute necessity of baptism by water and by the Holy Ghost on the part of all seekers after salvation; Nephi beautifully compares repentance and baptism by water and the Spirit to the gate leading into the fold of Christ.|| Alma ¶ the first, preached baptism as indispensable to salvation, calling upon the people to witness unto the Lord by their observance of this principle, that they covenanted to

keep His commandments. The second Alma, son of the former, proclaimed baptism as a means of salvation, and consecrated ministers to baptize.

During the last century preceding the birth of Christ, the work of God among the Lamanites was begun, by the preaching of faith, repentance and baptism, Ammon declaring* this doctrine to King Lamoni and his people. Helaman preached baptism† and in the time of his ministry, less than half a century before Christ's advent in the flesh, we read that tens of thousands united themselves with the Church by baptism. So also preached the sons of Helaman‡ and his grandson, Nephi.§ These baptisms were performed in the name of the Messiah who was to come; but when He came to His western flock, He directed that they should be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, bestowing upon twelve chosen servants the authority to officiate in the ordinance,|| and promising the riches of heaven, unto all who would comply with His law, and unto such only. Evidence is abundant that the Savior regarded the baptized state as an essential condition of membership in His Church; thus when instituting the sacrament among the Nephites, He instructed His disciples to administer it only unto those who had been properly baptized.¶ Further we are informed that those who were baptized, as Jesus had directed were called the Church of Christ.** True to the Savior's promise, the Holy Ghost fell upon those who were baptized by his

* Acts ix, 1-18; xxii, 1-16.

† Acts x, 30-48.

‡ I Nephi x, 7-10

§ II Nephi xxxi, 4-14.

|| I Nephi xxxi, 17.

¶ Mos. xviii, 8-17; Alma v, 61, 62; ix, 27.

* Alma xix, 23, 36.

† Alma lxii, 45.

‡ Hel. v, 14-17, 19.

§ III Nephi i, 23.

|| III Nephi xi, 22-25; xii, 1-2.

¶ III Nephi xviii, 5, 11, 30

** III Nephi xxvi, 21.

ordained authority, thus adding to water baptism the higher baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost,* and many of them received wonderful manifestations of the divine pleasure, seeing and hearing unspeakable things, not lawful to be written. The faith of the people showed itself in good works,† in prayers and fasting;‡ and in acknowledgment of such Christ reappeared, this time manifesting Himself to the disciples whom He had called to the ministry; and unto them He reiterated the former promise, that all who were baptized of Him should be filled, and to this He added that provided they endured to the end they should be held guiltless in the day of judgment.§ On that occasion He repeated the commandment through obedience to which salvation is promised: "Repent all ye ends of the earth, and come unto me, and be baptized in my name, that ye may be sanctified by the reception of the Holy Ghost, that ye may stand spotless before me at the last day."||

Nearly four centuries later we hear the same proclamation from the lips of Mormon.¶ And Moroni, his son, the solitary representative of a once mighty people, while mourning the destruction of his kindred, leaves what at the time he supposed would be his farewell testimony to the truth of this doctrine:** then being spared, contrary to his expectations, to prepare other records, he reverts again to the sacred theme, realizing the incalculable worth of the doctrine there preserved, unto any and all

who would read his pages; and in what might be regarded as his last words, he testifies to baptism by water and the Spirit as the means of salvation.*

And this great principle proclaimed of old remains unaltered today; it is trnht and changes not; the principle has been again announced, the law re-established for the guidance of the world in the present dispensation. The Elders of the Church today have been commissioned in almost the same words as were used in authorizing the apostles of old—"Go ye into all the world, preach the gospel to every creature, acting in the authority which I have given you, baptizing in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."† And again, hear the word of the Lord through Joseph the Prophet unto the Elders of the Church: Therefore, as I said "unto mine apostles I say unto you again, that every soul who believeth on your words, and is baptized by water for the remission of sins shall receive the Holy Ghost." But, "verily, verily I say unto you, they who believe not on your words, and are not baptized in water in my name for the remission of their sins, that they may receive the Holy Ghost, shall be damned, and shall not come into my Father's kingdom where my Father and I am."‡ In obedience to these commands, the Elders of this Church have continued to proclaim the gospel among the nations, preaching faith, repentance and baptism by water and the Holy Ghost as essential to salvation.

We have examined the doctrines con-

* III Nephi xxvi, 17-18; xxviii, 18; IV Nephi i, 1.

† III Nephi xxvi, 19-20.

‡ III Nephi xxvii, 1-2.

§ III Nephi xxviii, 16.

|| III Nephi xxvii, 20; xxx.

¶ Mormon vii, 8-10.

** Mormon ix, 22-23.

* Mormon vi, 1-4.

† Doe. and Cov. lxviii, 8-9.

‡ Doe. and Cov. Ixxxiv, 64, 74; see also exii, 28-29.

cerning baptism current among the Jews, the Nephites, and the Church of Jesus Christ in this age, and found the principles taught to be ever the same. We may with profit go farther back, even to the earliest history of the human race, and there learn that baptism was announced as a saving principle by which Adam was promised forgiveness and salvation.* None, therefore, have reason to hope for salvation except by complying with the law of God, of which baptism is an essential part.

A CLOSE CALL.

IN the year 1860, while crossing the plains, the company with which I was traveling stopped at noon near the side of a grove of quakingasp timber, by a nice spring of beautiful water, on Ham's Fork.

It was my duty to look after the stock when they were out grazing, and at the time of which I speak, the cattle were feeding along the side of this grove, though about two or three hundred yards from it. While watching the stock, I walked along close to the timber, so as to be on the high ground where it was dry. The timber and undergrowth and yellow blossom weeds, made a dense thicket. Near where I happened to be there was one lone tree that stood out from the rest about twenty feet. It was a common practice for passers by to cut their names in the bark of trees that were prominent in view. I could see there were many names cut in the bark of this lone tree, and curiosity led me to it to examine the writing. As I got to the tree I heard a gun snap close in the edge of the grove. The sound was familiar to my ears, so I didn't wait for

an invitation to get behind the tree; but it was not large enough to hide me. I heard the snapping of the gun about ten times, but it failed to discharge. It made me feel queer, as I could not see who had the gun, though I knew the person could not be more than a few feet away. I was not afraid, but I felt as if I would like to have caught a glance at him, for I was prepared to defend myself. I walked hurriedly away some distance, as though I intended leaving the place. I then turned around quickly, thinking the personage would be off his guard, and I would get to see him; but he was too smart for me.

I escaped however without being harmed, and so did the person who was trying to shoot me, who proved to be an Indian in ambush.

How often I thanked the Lord for His care for me on that occasion! I was very grateful that He spared that Indian's life, though I was more thankful He spared my own. He preserved me from shedding blood as well as from having mine shed.

Now I am so glad it turned that way, and I well know it was the Lord's will that neither one of us did harm to the other, though to me I think it a close call.

J. R. W.

NOISY shoes are not pleasant. They murder the grace of the wearer and unstring the nerves of the sensitive public. It is a very easy matter to remedy the creaking. Pour an ounce or so of linseed oil or melted lard in a shallow dish; place the shoe in it and allow the shoe to become saturated. This absorption will not only render the shoe noiseless, but waterproof.

* Pearl of Great Price; Writings of Moses.

. . . THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1894.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Not a Great Man but Good.

IT IS something of a coincidence that the close of the last century as well as the close of this should each have found in the city of Philadelphia the foremost 'philanthropist' of the New World, said personage being in each case a publisher, or, as the term is better understood, a printer. A hundred years ago Benjamin Franklin, patriot, statesman and philosopher was scarcely less known and less loved than George Washington himself. Within the past few days the telegraph wire has brought the news of the death of George W. Childs, proprietor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and the whole nation mourns the loss of a friend. He may not have made as broad a mark as some others upon the pages of what the world chooses to call its history, but there are few men of the day who deserve kindlier thoughts of their fellow creatures than he, and very few whose record will find such gentle and satisfactory review. Both Franklin and Childs, with their respective records separated by a century, are choice examples of the dignity and love that a well-spent life is sure to earn. Of each it may truthfully be said that the world is better for his having lived.

It is not necessary that any review of the life and works of Franklin be here attempted. Nor, for the purpose of this article, shall we need to go into the details of Mr. Childs' excellent and gener-

ous career. It is enough to say that having become the possessor of much wealth, he was princely in charity and benevolence, and having the directing of a great journal, he always preferred to be good rather than what the world would call successful. Of course his wealth and his income enabled him to yield to his philanthropic bent with munificence. And of course the greatest part of his success came from the very fact of his efforts at strict goodness. But it detracts not one whit from his virtues to recognize that his opportunities were many and favorable, and his fame continuous and abundant. Many men with fewer chances and less resources may have desired the betterment of their fellow-men's condition quite as earnestly as he; but very few who achieved the reputation and the eminence that he did, have been really less oblivious to man's praise or less moved by the compliments and plaudits of the throng. He was proud of the gratitude of those whom his purse, his counsels or his actions have assisted out of difficulty; but the adulation of mankind had no charm for him—he was one who, doing good by stealth, blushed to find it fame.

The main lesson to be drawn from his useful and well-rounded life seems to us to be this: all he was, he owed simply to his goodness; and hence simple goodness, even in this hard, cold world is not always without its immediate and accompanying reward. George W. Childs was not, and would never be called, a great man. He had no transcendent powers of oratory, of statecraft, of literature or of business. He was not one to startle and influence the world with his genius or even to impress a smaller audience with the superiority of his gifts. But his heart was

always to be found in the right place. In business he was careful, regular and scrupulously honest. In his newspaper he set out with one high ideal: to get at the truth as near as he was able, and above all to keep his columns clean. He had no skill at dissembling, and sometimes wounded others' pride by his sturdy yet gentle bluntness—hence he was neither diplomatist nor politician. His speeches were not such as to be preserved as gems of eloquence, but they were full of sincerity and his meaning was not obscured in a multitude of words. Hence, if he was not a great and brilliant editor, he at least built up a great paper; if he was not a dashing Napoleon of finance, he was at least a reliable and successful business man; if he was not able to control men and parties by his little finger's crook, he at least knew how to stir the heart and awaken the better impulses; and if he was no master of the arts of the orator, he at least uttered words and expressed thoughts on which thousands were glad to linger lovingly, for he meant what he said. There have been brighter, greater men—men who have excited more of their fellow citizens' attention, and others who have perhaps given away larger sums for charity. But there have been few who more intelligently strove after a high ideal and led a more blameless life, or whose generosity was better timed, more wide-reaching and bestowed with finer judgment.

Well may he be held up as an example to the American youth. One fact developed in his career we would again lay emphasis upon: while everybody may not have the gifts and attainments necessary to become what the world calls "great," everybody has the ability and the opportunity to become what the heavens and all just men call "good."

The latter is more desirable than the former. Do not despise it because it seems within every one's reach. Alas, there are comparatively few who make it the struggle and the object of their lives.

Ordaining to the Priesthood.

WE have been asked by several different persons whether in ordaining a brother, it is right to confer the Priesthood first and then ordain him to the particular office to which he is called, or to directly ordain him to that office in the Priesthood. That is, in ordaining a man an Elder, should the one officiating say: I confer upon you the Melchisedek Priesthood and ordain you an Elder, or, I ordain you an Elder in the Melchisedek Priesthood, or whatever the office conferred may be?

So far as we know, the Lord has revealed no particular form, or words to be used in the ceremony of ordination to the Priesthood, as He has done in the rite of baptism, neither has He given any direct instructions on the point presented by the enquirers. Certain it is that both forms have been and are being used by those officiating, and it is equally certain that the Lord recognizes and honors those ordained in either way. Consequently, we are of the opinion that both are acceptable to Him, and will be until it pleases Him to give the Church further light on the subject, either by direct revelation or by inspiring His servants of the First Presidency of the Church to direct exactly what shall be said.

Good manners are a part of good morals, and it is as much your duty as your interest to practice both.

PLACES AND THINGS OF NOTE.*

5. An Old Church.

THREE years ago, in company with many others, I had the pleasure of visiting an old church, which is in the south-eastern part of Arizona, not far from my home.

It is said to be a Catholic church, four hundred and fifty years old, and now belongs to a tribe of Pima Indians, who guard it with jealous care. Strangers are seldom allowed to enter the grounds.

The reason for this is evidently that the building stands upon a hill, which seems to be hollow, and the Indians think, as do many others, that there are valuable treasures stored away in these cellars or caves, and will allow no one to investigate.

The building is enclosed by a high adobe wall. On the east is an arched gateway leading to the front door.

As we entered the grounds, we were struck with the rugged massiveness of the building. How grand it appeared, with its towers elevated far above the roof!

It is composed entirely of cement, there being no wood nor nails save in two doors on the east.

The exterior is covered with forms and figures moulded in the cement. On the front are the life size forms of Jesus on the cross, the Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalene. Around the roof are casts of lions' heads. We were taken through and shown different apartments by Indian guards.

The main hall is ornamented by painted scenes. On each side is a small

font, in which former communicants dipped their fingers to make the cross on their foreheads upon entering.

If the south side is a sepulcher, in which lies the form of Jesus. On the stand in the north end are a few odd-looking chairs, and a small bell. A row of candles stand on each side in high brass candlesticks. On the wall, back of the platform, are figures of the same personages as seen outside. Beautiful curtains are draped artistically in cement and painted in different colors. Fruits and flowers are moulded on the wall in groups magnificent to behold.

We were next led up through a dark, narrow passage, which opened into the gallery. This part is also ornamented with various designs.

After viewing the many curiosities, we passed out upon the roof, and had a survey of the surrounding country. Ascending the tower, we were privileged to ring the chime of bells suspended therein. On the walls were written hundreds of names of persons who had visited this grand edifice. We placed ours among the rest and then descended.

All other parts of the building visited are quite as novel as the ones described.

Emma Weech.

6. Swan Lake.

SWAN, or Equator Lake, as it is sometimes called, is a picturesque little body of water in the southern part of Idaho. It is round, and I should judge it to be not more than six rods in diameter.

The water is so clear that one can look down many feet, and see large petrified trees, grasses, etc., which make a very beautiful sight.

It is said to have no bottom (but of course it must have), and has such a strong undercurrent, that if you drop a stick or anything into it, after it gets

*The following essays are from Grammar Class A, B. Y. Academy. They were selected each from a selection of ten, by committees appointed from among the students themselves.

down a certain distance it shoots off under the banks out of sight.

One thing peculiar about this lake is that it has no visible outlet. A great many tourists visit it and find it a very pleasant resort.

Emma Bingham.

7. The Samoan Islands.

THE Samoan, or Navigator Islands, as they are sometimes called (because their inhabitants are so expert with their canoes), are situated in the south central part of the Pacific Ocean, between 13° and 14° south latitude, and 169° and 172° longitude west.

This group comprises ten islands, and the largest is called Savaii, which is forty-eight by twenty-five miles. The smallest is called Manono, and is only one and a half miles long and one mile wide.

These islands are partly of volcanic and partly of coral formation. There is an extensive lava bed on the largest island, which seems to be of comparatively recent formation. In 1848 there was not anything growing on this lava bed. It is now covered with a luxuriant growth of vegetation. Scientists say that it has only been about four centuries since this molten mass was formed.

A coral reef surrounds most of the islands; but some have what is called a rock-bound coast, and boats are unable to land, while others have a reef surrounding them. This reef in some places, extends for a few miles into the sea, and during ebb tide is partly exposed, while at full tide it is entirely covered.

Samoa is comparatively elevated, the highest peak being 3,900 feet above sea level. Although the islands are mostly of volcanic formation, yet they are a mass of vegetation from the water's edge to the highest mountains.

These islands were discovered by the Dutch in 1768. The natives at that time were very barbarous, having many horrible customs and worshiping various natural objects for their gods.

Samoa has become better known to the world since 1889. During that year several men-of-war were wrecked in one of its harbors. The disaster was caused by a terrible storm, in which many lives were lost.

Within the last five years many missionaries have been sent from Zion to labor there, and the islands are now classed as one of the regular missionary fields.

Jesse Bennett.

8. Clear Creek Canyon.

CLEAR CREEK Canyon is located in the south-western part of Sevier County, in what is known as the Pah Vant range of mountains.

Its direction is from east to west, and is about eighteen miles long, by half a mile wide.

To me this is the most beautiful canyon in Utah, or in any part of the United States in which I have traveled.

On nearing the mouth, the traveler is first struck with the cool and refreshing breezes that are continually coming down into the valley; and second by the great walls of rock that stand magnificent on both sides of the road.

The creek, with its banks covered by a luxuriant growth of oak, maple, birch, and a variety of shrubbery, cannot fail to attract attention, and awaken the emotion of the beautiful.

Such scenery is found all the way through, with now and then a ranch adding its rustic improvements by way of contrast.

As the traveler nears the middle of this beautiful gorge, he is confronted

with what is known as the Big Narrows, which seem to bar any farther progress, but he finds at length a very narrow pass with only room for the road and creek. Here a man may well spend a few hours in viewing the immense walls that lift their rugged heads hundreds of feet in the air. The surface is fairly covered with inscriptions—quite modern however—of different kinds, of which the most striking is, "C. Crane," and "Crane's pigs." They are evidently the work of idle teamsters, who, dipping their fingers into hub-tar seek thus to perpetuate their names. Here and there, however, some professional pot and paint fiend has sought to induce humanity to try a new pill or a patent cure-all.

The creek is noted for its cold and sparkling water, and for the shoals of speckled trout which it contains.

These advantages bring crowds of young people, who, during the summer months, spend many days fishing and indulging their love of mountain scenery.

The wagon road, probably the most costly in the Territory, winds its way in graceful curves through the canyon toward Beaver, and has more travel than any other road in the county.

Joseph Erickson.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

JUST how many there are among my readers who disbelieve in the existence of such things as ghosts, I do not know, neither do I care. I believe in their existence, for the simple reason that I have seen one.

"Seen a ghost?"

"Yes, a ghost."

"A real, live ghost?"

"Yes, a real, live ghost."

"Where? when?"

I will tell you both:

In a neat, little white-washed cottage, at the foot of the Mourne Mountains, lived John and Nancy Shanks, with their two children, Bridget and Patrick, the former a prepossessing little maiden of fifteen summers, and the latter a sober, thoughtful boy, just past his thirteenth birthday.

John Shanks' family had ever been termed a model one. Peace and plenty reigned therein all the year round, and even the animals on the little farm seemed to partake of the spirit of love and kindness which characterized their lord and their mistress.

Besides cultivating his little seven-acre lot, Mr. Shanks did the village shoemaking; Bridget had attained to monitorship in the village school, and Patrick was struggling hard for the same honor, while Mrs. Shanks looked after the household economy.

It really would have done one good to have taken a peep into that happy home on the evening of May 19th, 1886. There sat the father, putting the last stitches into a pair of new shoes for Farmer Burns; Bridget and Patrick, each with book in hand, preparing the lessons of the morrow, while Mrs. Shanks sat darning neatly a small hole that had crept into a pair of her good man's socks. All was happiness and contentment; but, alas, who can tell what a day may bring forth? Inside twenty-four hours the scene was entirely changed.

About ten o'clock the following morning Mr. Shanks hitched his horse to the cart and started for the town, twelve miles distant. He had made his purchases, and was returning home in the afternoon, when his horse took fright—it was thought at a passing train—and bolted. The animal was young and

spirited, and though its owner lay with all his weight on the lines, the frightened beast could not be restrained. Finally the cart collided with a telegraph post and was overturned, crushing the life out of Mr. Shanks.

Tidings of the accident were borne by the horse, who, having freed himself from the cart, ran home at a furious gallop. Several of the neighbors went in quest of Mr. Shanks, and found his dead body lying on the roadside, about two miles from home.

I will not attempt to describe the scene that took place in the family of John Shanks when the corpse of that good man was laid upon his bed. Mrs. Shanks would not be consoled, while the sobbing of the children brought tears to the eyes of all who entered the house.

Two days later and all that was mortal of John Shanks was quietly laid to rest. His funeral was the largest ever seen in Mourne, and very few dry eyes were in the procession that followed.

Mrs. Shanks' mental powers had sustained a severe shock by the death of her husband, and about three weeks after the funeral slight symptoms of insanity began to manifest themselves in her actions. It was thought, however, that with the lapse of time these would disappear, and but little was said about the matter. Patrick gave up school and came home to attend to the little farm, and to be a companion to his mother; Bridget was receiving a small salary for teaching, and it was decided that she should remain at school, as her income, nominal though it was, would help to cover their taxes.

Time did create a change in Mrs. Shanks' condition, but not a change for the better. She would act very strangely at times, addressing her son as though he were her husband, and in several

other ways exhibiting signs of mental derangement. The children kept a careful watch over their mother, lest at any time she should commit some rash act.

A year passed, and one afternoon when Bridget had returned to school, after dinner, Mrs. Shanks told her son that she would lie down in bed for an hour. She had appeared a little more depressed in spirits that day than usual, and Patrick thought if his mother had a little sleep she might feel better, so he was glad for her to go to bed for an hour. When Mrs. Shanks went up stairs to her bedroom, Patrick took his spade and went out to mould a few drills of potatoes. At the end of an hour and a half he returned. I was passing down the road as he entered the house; but no sooner had he opened the door than he staggered back, uttering a frightful scream:

"Oh, my Heavens, my mother has hung herself!"

I heard the wild exclamation, and ran to the house, and looking in beheld the lifeless form of Mrs. Shanks hanging suspended by a silk handkerchief from the balustrade of the staircase. The poor boy stood tearing his hair, and screaming with wild despair. Several of the neighbors came running to the spot, among them Mr. O'Brien, the Roman Catholic priest, who hurried Patrick away from the scene to his own residence across the way. A message was sent to the principal, and school was promptly dismissed, but no explanation made as to the cause of so hasty an adjournment. Bridget was requested to remain, and when all the scholars had left, the principal and teachers, in a careful and sympathetic manner, communicated to the poor girl the sad news of her mother's suicide.

I was not present, and was glad that I

was not, for I was afterwards informed that to see the effects of the tidings upon the poor girl would have made the greatest criminal that ever trod the earth weep. She threw herself upon the ground and groaned piteously, and it was more than an hour before she could be removed from the schoolroom. A Mrs. Black took Bridget into her family that night, and Patrick remained with the priest. A telegram was sent to Scotland, to the children's uncle, and he arrived at noon the following day. A coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict of "Suicide while laboring under temporary insanity" was returned.

Bridget and Patrick decided to go with their uncle to Scotland, so the little farm was put up at auction. Very few bid for it, however, and it was finally knocked down to Sheriff McCabe, for three hundred pounds, less than half its value.

Mr. McCabe felt confident he had made a good bargain. He had no particular use for the property himself, as he possessed a large farm of his own, but he thought he would have no difficulty, after a little time, in disposing of it for double the purchase price.

But in this he was mistaken; no one seemed anxious to purchase, or even rent, a piece of property around which hung such unpleasant reminiscences. So the house remained unoccupied for several months, and then a rumor was circulated that it was haunted, when Mr. McCabe began to fear that he had not made such a bargain after all.

Twelve months passed and still no purchaser had been found, so Mr. McCabe posted up a notice to the effect that any person desirous of buying the property would be allowed to live a month in the house, on trial, before purchasing.

A family by the name of Watson accepted these terms, and "moved in" a few days later; but they "moved out" again the following day, alleging that they could not get sleep at night for a noise which they heard as of someone walking up and down the stairs.

Mr. McCabe now regretted having purchased the place at all, and he was heard to say that if he could get his own money for it he would sell.

One Saturday evening, about a month after this, Michael Casey, James O'Keefe and myself were returning from town, and as we passed the "haunted house"—as the former residence of the Shanks family was now termed—O'Keefe looked over at it and remarked:

"Well, boys, oi'll admit that oi'm credulous enough about mony things, but oi'll be blamed iv oi'll belave the stories that are afloat about that house bein' haunted, oi won't. Oi wouldn't be afraid to stay in it all alone by meself."

"Then you haven't got much faith in the testimonies of the Watson family," said I.

"No, oi heven't," said he. "Oi belave they allowed their imaginashun to get the best iv them, and that they simply imagined they heered footsteps on the stairs, nothin' more."

"Well, O'Keefe," said Casey, "if I could be convinced that you are right I would purchase the place myself. I want just such a home, and would have bought the Shanks property long since only for my wife. She, too, has got it into her head that the house is haunted, and she would not hear of my taking the place if I got it for nothing."

"Boys," I said, "I would like to offer a proposition."

"Thin let's hev it," said O'Keefe.

"What do you say to the three of us

staying in the house tomorrow night, that we may satisfy ourselves as to whether or not there is any foundation for the rumor of the house being haunted?"

"O'i'm willin'," said O'Keefe.

"So am I," said Casey.

We agreed to meet at the place at ten o'clock the following night. Casey was to bring a small bottle of spirits, O'Keefe the pipes and tobacco, and the writer a box of snuff—for the purpose of augmenting our courage and keeping us awake.

We met at the appointed hour. The night was calm and beautiful and the moon shone forth in all her splendor. We entered the house by one of the windows, and made our way up stairs to the front room. We seated ourselves upon the floor, took a small drop each out of the bottle, lit our pipes, and prepared to receive the ghost when it arrived.

Two hours passed. The clock on the monastery tolled the midnight hour—the hour when ghosts and goblins begin to walk abroad—and then somehow a nervous feeling—derived from the traditions of our fathers—crept over us. Another half hour came and went, and yet no sign of the ghost was to be seen.

"Boys," said O'Keefe, "oi don't think we are goin' to be troubled——"

Hark! what was that?

Yes, we all heard it—the sound of footsteps on the stairs. O'Keefe turned pale as death, so did Casey and—well I could not see my own countenance—but I know I must have looked frightened, for I felt that way.

There it was again; the ghost had come.

"There's no mistake about that," said O'Keefe. "Boys, let me down eut ov the windey, and oi'll run for the priest,

and request him to come over at wanse and lay the spirit."

The footsteps, sounded nearer and then O'Keefe, unable longer to control his feelings, burst out with a wild exclamation:

"In the name iv the holy Saint Patrick, who are yez, and phat do yez want here?"

No answer; then we heard the footsteps retreating.

"Boys," I said, "let us leave this place."

We timidly opened the door, and as we did so we looked over the balustrade, and there, near the foot of the stairs, sat the "apparition," dressed in white, her large, glossy eyes staring wildly around the room. She looked up as the door opened, and then suddenly disappeared.

The ghost was a beautiful white rabbit, that had come in from the garden, through a hole it had scratched under the stairway.

Casey went home and told his wife—when she gave her consent to his purchasing the property, which he did next day. He set a snare and caught the "ghost" (or rabbit), and he and his wife and little family have lived there unmolested ever since.

W. A. M.

IT IS TOO BAD THAT A POOR WRETCH CAN BE PUNISHED FOR STEALING YOUR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF OR GLOVES, AND THAT NO PUNISHMENT CAN BE INFILCTED ON THOSE WHO STEAL YOUR TIME.

THE EARLIEST KNOWN LENS IS ONE OF ROCK CRYSTAL UNEARTHED BY LAYARD AT NINEVEH. THIS LENS, THE AGE OF WHICH IS MEASURED BY THOUSANDS OF YEARS, NOW LIES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, AS BRIGHT AND AS CLEAR AS IT WAS THE DAY IT LEFT THE MAKER'S HANDS.

POACHING IN BOHEMIA.

A Queer Guest.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94.]

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE the week had gone by, the Dalrymples and their friend had been taken into the heart of the little colony that populated the musty old building. Fragments of gossip came to them acquainting them with the inner history of many of those around them and awaking a keen interest in the lives of their fellow-lodgers. Miss Twitcham, who was among the first to call, proved a generous purveyor of information concerning their neighbors while exhibiting equal candor respecting her own affairs.

She came in early one afternoon dusty and flushed from a long walk, her arms loaded with papers and a long rent extending down the front of her dress skirt.

"I don't believe in people in our circumstances standing on ceremony," she declared after introducing herself. "In fact I couldn't if I wanted to. These are my best gloves," raising her hands to display a pair of rusty black kid gauntlets, with the buttons gone and the finger-tips ripped; "and I think I've about finished my best street dress today," viewing the rent with philosophical resignation.

"Let me get you a needle and some sewing silk," proposed Janet, her house-wifely instinct stirring at the sight. "You can mend it while you are sitting here."

"Oh, I'm too lazy for that," confessed the lady, without the least shame. "If you'll just oblige me with a few pins. Thanks," as Janet produced a small cushion, studded with these small conveniences.

Miss Dalrymple looked on with ill-

disguised impatience, while Janet amiably knelt on the floor and helped the visitor to pin up the unseemly rent and conceal it in the folds of her skirt. When the task was finished, Miss Twitcham viewed it with the eye of a connoisseur.

"No one would ever guess it was there," she said, with an expression of great satisfaction. "I should have known you were one of us, my dear, by the masterly way in which you have contrived to hide that away."

Poor Janet, who had supposed that the pins were merely to serve a temporary purpose, until the lady found time and inclination to repair the tear in a conservative fashion, reddened ever so slightly at this doubtful compliment; but Miss Twitcham, settling her skirt with a careless pat of her hand, plunged headlong into conversation.

"So the queen herself paid you a visit yesterday?"

"I don't understand." Janet was mystified.

"The Queen of Bohemia, or at least of our small corner of the enchanted land. Dorothy Graham. Haven't you found out that the whole house is subject to her? Talk about republics or limited monarchies. Dorothy's kingdom is an absolute monarchy, an empire. Everyone is her vassal, from black Jim, the janitor, to good old Mr. Lindsay. I assure you there was a panic in the Cave when we found she was gone."

"We never imagined," began Janet, but the caller checked her.

"We wouldn't have minded, if we'd known where she was; but nobody knows what that father of hers might take a notion to do. He's so reckless and thoughtless, you know, though not such a bad sort, after all. Like a good many others," and here Miss Twitcham

heaved a sigh, "his worst sin is his failure to succeed. But that young uncle of Dorothy's has a hard row to hoe—poor fellow! Gave up his college course in the middle of the junior year, just as he was taking no end of honors, all because that worthless Graham couldn't attend to his wife and child, and he, Tom Seymour, was bound to look after them and make them comfortable. Showed wonderful decision and wisdom for such a young man; told Graham that he hadn't any quarrel with him, but that he wouldn't support him in idleness, and that he might go off and take care of himself until he could prove himself enough of a man to meet his proper responsibilities. So poor Graham has a room across the street, and spends his time originating great schemes for making fortunes."

"It must be embarrassing for him."

"Embarrassing? You don't know Graham. He is happy as a lark, free from any care but looking after his own meals. Yet he's a talented fellow. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he made a ten-strike some day. If only Seymour doesn't work himself to death before that time. I tell you I was sorry for him when he came home yesterday and found Dorothy gone. He turned white as a ghost, and started for the police station. And the child was safe in here all the time."

"We ought not to have taken her in. We ought to have hunted up her mother at once."

"Oh, nobody blames you. Who could have turned the little one out of doors? And the child is wild with enthusiasm over the pretty lady who played 'soldier' with her. Was it you, Miss Duncan, or Miss Dalrymple?"

Janet could do no less than acknowl-

edge her guilt, and accept the compliment.

"Have you made the acquaintance of the young artist and her mother, who live across the hall: the dark little girl, who carries her head so high, and paints such remarkable landscapes?"

"We have seen them. Are they particular friends of yours?"

"Miss Mathieu would shrug her shoulders at such a suggestion. They barely recognize me. They disapprove of me."

"Disapprove of you?" repeated Janet, thinking she must have misunderstood the speaker, who had made the statement in the most matter-of-fact way.

"Disapprove of me, without qualification. Hard lines, isn't it? And for nothing at all. Just because I haven't any financial ability. Because I am always in debt."

She did not wait to see how this confession was received by her hearers, but raced on to an exposition of her financial status.

"For my part, I don't see how one is going to keep out of debt when she cannot bring her income up to the scale of her expenses. Here I am, with an appetite to be satisfied, a body to be lodged and clothed and warmed, an eye to be pleased, and a head to be entertained. I came out to the Coast ten years ago, as the San Francisco correspondent of the *Chicago Puff*. You know the paper; run on the common sense plan so generally adopted lately, of letting people pay for the pleasure of seeing themselves in print. I flatter myself I have worked this Coast pretty well. There's hardly a millionaire or capitalist, or prominent politician or land owner who hasn't been flattered by an intimation that the *Puff*, for a slight consideration, would be gratified to

make his importance known to the world at large. A fair per cent. of them jump at the bait. Sometimes they haggle about terms; often they come down handsomely, and pay a round sum to have their portraits inserted, as well as their biographies. The paper agrees to pay me a commission. I collect the money and pay myself. My expenses are always ahead of my receipts. Now don't you think I'd be a goose, if I sent them on all the balance, when I haven't enough to pay my rent and provide myself with clothes?"

Miss Dalrymple looked disdainfully at the questioner, and Janet evaded the issue. "Some day you will meet with a streak of good luck. Then it will be all right."

"I've waited long enough for my luck to turn. I don't believe it ever will. You see, whenever I make a little more than usual, I am at once possessed with a fancy for some extravagance. Sometimes I run down to Monterey and take a rest. By the time I get to work again I am further behind than ever. I owe the *Puff* upwards of five thousand dollars."

Miss Twitcham would have been disappointed if her auditors had failed to show some consternation at this declaration. She felt a very natural pride over the manner in which she, a struggling writer, had contrived to get so deeply in debt to a rich and influential newspaper. Even this startling confession did not daunt Janet.

"Perhaps you might repay it little by little," she suggested. "Gradually the sum would be reduced, and you would not worry so much when it dropped to smaller and smaller amounts."

"Pay it off! Reduce it! Not worry then!" cried Miss Twitcham in horror.

"My dear, I wouldn't pay up the old account for the world. Don't you see that the very size of the debt I owe is my best protection? They won't sue me, for they know I haven't anything to seize, and I could avail myself of the Insolvent Act, and then they would never get anything. As it is, I am sure of permanent employment, for they can't afford to get rid of me, as their only hope of recovering anything is to encourage me to go on. I keep on working for them, and when I can 'spare anything from new receipts, I send it to them. We get on famously. Every six months they send me a statement, and I acknowledge it in a polite note, and there is an end to the matter for six months more."

"My brother, Miss Twitcham," Olive Dalrymple was constrained to say, as Cliff entered the room, hesitating at sight of the visitor.

"How de do, Mr. Dalarymple," said Miss Twitcham, without rising. "How's sculpture?" and she smiled in what she meant to be an arch way.

"The art is making very good progress, I believe," replied the young man coolly. "I hear that Story has received the commission for the new group at the capitol in Washington."

"What are you going to do?" pursued the visitor, pointedly, addressing the two young ladies.

"When?" asked Janet.

"Now. Here. For a living," explained the lady.

"Oh! Miss Dalrymple hopes to secure some music pupils."

"As luck will have it, I can put her in the way of getting some this very week. Mrs. Whiffletree, the wife of the man who made such a pile on that new car-coupler a year or so ago, asked me this very morning if I could direct her

to a music teacher who had some style, and whose charges were not too high. I think you'll do, if you don't ask too much," looking critically at the stylish house-dress the young lady wore.

Olive Dalrymple stiffly wrote down the address of the Whiffletrees, and promised to call the next day.

"And what are you going to do?" persevered Miss Twitcham directing her inquiry to Janet.

"I? Oh, I shall be a very Micawber, and wait for something to turn up. Until then I shall sweep and dust and look after the comfort of the family generally."

"What can you do?" insisted the caller, with a distinct emphasis on the potential verb.

Dalrymple saved Janet the awkwardness of a reply.

"Miss Duncan can do almost anything. She is one of the most accomplished young ladies of my acquaintance," he said loftily. "If she chooses to place her gifts upon the market, I think she need not trouble herself about finding patrons."

"Has she adaptability?" asked the visitor.

No one seemed disposed to reply, and Miss Twitcham, realizing that she had pushed her inquiries to the limits of their patience, amiably fell back upon incidents of her own career.

"If you want any advice, just come to me," she said cordially. "If there is any way of making a living that I haven't tried, at one time or another, I should like to hear of it. I have filled every place on a daily paper from sporting editor to religious reporter. I've tried shorthand and typewriting, and done copying for the courts. I started out in the insurance line first, fire and then life insurance, and afterwards

turned a pretty penny on plate glass insurance. Did you ever try horse insurance, Miss Duncan?"

Janet gravely assured the visitor that she had not.

"No? Well, there's money in it for anyone who can handle it. Better look into it. You might do worse. Insuring blooded stock and valuable race horses, you know. I worked hard at that, but somehow the public wouldn't take hold. I remember once going into the office of a rich shipbroker of your name in New York, Mr. Dalrymple. Little, fat man, with a bald head. Somebody told me he had just bought the fastest pacer in the State. Instead of thanking me for the trouble I'd taken, what do you think he did? Told me he would shoot the animal in the head before he would take out a policy on her, signed by a woman; declared such business was entirely outside of a woman's province. Fairly showed me the door. As if I didn't need to be clothed and fed, as well as a man, and the money wouldn't have done me the same amount of good!"

Janet Duncan and Olive Dalrymple looked at each other with sparkling eyes. They had heard that very story, with variations, over a New York dinner table.

Miss Twitcham lazily gathered up her papers, and took her departure, airily inviting them to repay her call, in her little sky parlor.

"Don't forget to look into the horse insurance business, my dear," was her parting injunction to Janet. "With your pretty face and pleasing manners, I don't doubt you could do handsomely with it."

The door closed behind her.

"If that is a specimen of Bohemia, I want to see as little of it as possible," said Olive, vehemently.

As for Janet, she did not mind the horse insurance in the least. One remark that Miss Twitcham had let fall lingered in her mind, and she recalled the haggard face of the visitor they had entertained the preceding morning.

"Poor fellow. So the father is worthless, and the mother and her little girl are dependent, and he 'works himself to death' taking care of them."

Flora Haines Loughead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

The Grading of the Sunday Schools.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97.)

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

THIS department should consist of pupils up to 8 years of age. The teachers of this, as well as those of the other departments, should be interested workers, chosen for their adaptability to the grade of pupils and instructions to be given. They should form a strong incentive for the children to learn and be regular, and the great requisite is, get them interested, win their love, and you can then guide them as you wish. Don't cram their little minds with abstract facts of which they are incapable of understanding; teach mostly by object lessons. Never tire the children. Give variety, and allow them to answer the questions in concert. It is an excellent plan, when asking questions, to have all hold up their hands, and call upon one to give the answer, then for the entire class to answer in concert. You thus give individual as well as collective encouragement.

FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

This department may consist of pupils from 8 to 12 years of age, with a head teacher and two or three assistants,

chosen for their adaptability to the children and subject to be presented. Here the little minds are on the alert, and example rather than precept should be the watch-word, and what they will be most apt to follow. Every act, every thought, word or suggestion should be a well chosen lesson which the children might follow with profit. Their future characters will, to a great extent, depend upon your thoughtfulness and care in setting them that example and giving the needed instructions at the proper time. The instructions of the primary department should be reviewed and understood and enlarged upon according to the age and increased mental ability of the pupils. Singing, reciting of little stories, which with a moral as the objective point of every piece, gem thoughts and objective work as much as possible should be presented. Pupils might commence to write little essays on what they have seen during the week, or from what they have obtained in their course of home reading, recounting the good deeds of their playmates, and emulating the good they see in others, but always discourage the relating of bad acts of their playmates, etc. Little reading should be allowed in the class, but should be encouraged at home. Questions and answers, as suggested in the primary department, and such other interesting and useful topics as have a connection with the course of instructions to be followed.

Don't force dry facts into their minds; teach the concrete method, for facts alone will not make a child religious. Religion has its seat in the feelings, and religious growth can only be cultivated by arousing the feelings. Brief lectures may be assigned to the larger ones, and a general interest should be aroused.

SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

This department may include children from 12 to 16 years of age. There should be a head teacher, with two or three assistants, specially adapted for this important department. Here the children are of such an age that they require careful attention. It is the children between these ages generally that are hard to get into the Sabbath school, and no doubt much of it has arisen from the fact that when younger their precious minds were crammed with dry facts, uninteresting to the child. Their minds are maturing, they demand variety, they must have a change. Over this critical period of mental growth the teacher should aim to lead the pupils by interesting them and inciting a love for truth and creating ennobling and high aspirations, by inducing them to read the lives of great and good men and women at home, and in the class-room to recite, or put in the form of an essay and read the result of their home reading. By appointing certain ones to give brief lectures on interesting and useful subjects, by requesting others to look up certain questions, all connected with the lesson, by songs and gem thoughts, and any other legitimate way, should the teacher labor to create a love and desire for the right and for Sunday school work. Teach the child rather to observe than tell it everything; never force its mind to receive that which it does not readily accept, and if the pupils of this age can be encouraged to love and attend Sabbath school until this critical period is past, great good will have been accomplished, the Sabbath school work will be enhanced, and the pupils placed on a solid foundation from which they will never fall.

HIGHER DEPARTMENT.

This department should include all

over 16 years of age. The teachers for this department should be men and women, well matured in judgment, thorough, and devoted to a conscientious performance of their work. The students here are supposed to have an understanding of the first principles of the Gospel, and be able to reason upon them, giving consistent reasons for their position, and quoting references and authority, etc.

Special lines of the principles of theology may now be taken up and followed to their legitimate ends before the rest are handled. Little reading should be allowed, but all lessons and references should be prepared at home. Reciting should be the exercise, rather than reading round and round as in the past. Lectures on the subject of the course should be given by different students, and the teacher should do little talking. Questions and answers should be allowed, and freedom given in discussing the principles of the Gospel should be encouraged, but should not be allowed to extend so far as to engender ill feelings. Thoroughness should be the watchword, instead of "how much" can be done. Should teachers for other departments be needed, this is the proper place from which to select them.

We believe if these suggestions are followed out by every school it will place our Sunday schools alongside with secular learning so far as education is concerned, and will result in making our work what it is designed for, the religious and moral training of our youth.

We cannot recommend too highly a careful perusal of the Guide and Dr. Maeser's Lectures, and the following out of the suggestions therein contained. And we hope that each year will see greater diligence and progress in our

Sabbath schools until they reach that excellent standard to which they are entitled, the great nursery of the Church, and whose influence will be felt wherever any of the Sunday school workers shall mingle in society.

WEAKNESS OF INFIDELS' ARGUMENTS.

It is claimed that the most fruitful cause of infidelity is ignorance. No matter how strongly the skeptic may deny it, the assertion is true and cannot be successfully contradicted. Solomon of old says: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." There are some men accredited with possessing wisdom who have said with their lips that there is no God; but if their most inward thoughts were known we would find that they strongly believed, and greatly fear there is a Supreme Being to whom they will at some future time have to render an account of their actions in life. Their disclaiming a belief in Deity, is merely done to justify themselves before their fellow-men in leading the corrupt lives which they do.

There is another class of persons who believe these men whom they look upon as intelligent, and imitate them by disclaiming belief in a Divine Creator. The latter class may be sincere in their skepticism, and believe in their hearts the sophistry advocated by those whom they try to mimic. They are the ones no doubt who are referred to in the above quotation from the sayings of Solomon.

In the world there are men who profess to be students of science and who claim belief in the evolution of man from the lower species of animals. Their pet theory is that the ancestors of the human family in the very remote past, belonged to the brute creation, and

that they attained to their present superior condition through a succession of changes or improvements in the species. In this way mankind were developed from the lower creatures by a slow process that has been carried on for thousands and even millions of years. Whether these men profess to believe in a Creator or not, it is evident they do not believe in the account of the creation of man as given in Genesis.

The theory of the evolution of man is based on the observation that there is an apparent resemblance between different families of the animal creation, and that there is a gradation from the lower order of animal life to the higher orders, and that the ape bears a resemblance to man. Then they take into consideration the fact that animals which in their wild state are inferior can be improved upon in successive generations by being fed and cared for properly.

But the undeniable truth still confronts them that any animal,—a horse for example—developed and improved by care and cultivation is still the same animal. It may be larger, stronger or more graceful in form, but it has not developed into an animal of another species. And no evidence has ever been found that such a change ever did happen.

But when the similarity between the ape and man is attempted to be shown, evolutionists almost despair, the difference being so great. They have hoped for many years to find the "missing link"—some creature that is nearer akin to man than the ape—but they have failed to do so. In the meantime they have made some discoveries regarding the ape and man which they

imagine have a tendency to bring them into closer relationship.

One discovery of this character, said to be made in very recent years, these so-called scientists believe to be very important, as it tends in connection with other discoveries to establish almost beyond doubt the correctness of their theories.

To describe more clearly what the discovery is it will be necessary to explain first that physiologists long ago found that in certain blood veins of the human system there were valves, the function of which it was supposed was to prevent the blood from flowing backward in those particular veins in which the valves were present. This theory, however, did not seem to satisfactorily account for their presence, as the law of gravitation, it was believed, would prevent the blood in some of those veins from flowing in the wrong direction. A certain doctor, believing in the evolution doctrine, being acquainted with these facts, at last solved the problem, or thought he did, by making the startling discovery that the valves referred to as existing in the human veins were of no use to humanity; that they were only inherited from man's distant ancestors, the brute creation. His idea was that since man learned to walk in an upright position he had no use for these inward appendages to his blood vessels, but that they were of vital importance to his far distant progenitors, and their existence being perpetuated for so many unnumbered generations was the most convincing proof that man was but a development from the brute creation. If the learned doctor were not so eager to jump at this conclusion he might have thought of the simple fact that while sleeping a man's body is not in an upright position, and if his ances-

tor had use for valves in his veins because he walked on all fours, he too would be in need of them when lying in a horizontal position to take rest, as the trunk of his body would then be in the same position as that of the four-footed beasts.

Such is a sample of the arguments produced by advocates of the theory that man sprang from the lower animals.

Infidels frequently attempt to justify themselves in their position by criticising the scriptures and pointing out passages which they claim contradict each other. While some of the sacred writings describe the Creator as a merciful God, full of love and compassion, other passages they say record some of His acts which go to prove that He is tyrannical and cruel. Now it is well known to persons of ordinary intelligence and experience that it is impossible to correctly judge a man by his acts. In order to pass righteous judgment upon one of our fellow-beings it is necessary to understand his motives. How then can one presume to be capable of judging the Creator, of whose motives he knows nothing, and has no means of finding out except by divine revelation, and then positively refuses to listen to its voice!

The biographies of distinguished men, and it might be said the history of the world, discloses one grand truth that is not at all complimentary to the sceptic. It is this: that there never was known a real infidel who became famous for the good he did to humanity. On the other hand the most celebrated characters in history have been firm believers in a Divine Creator. More than this, many of them have been free to acknowledge that their success has been attained only through being aided (miraculously

in some instances) by Divine power. Columbus admitted that he was inspired to perform the work he did; and certainly nothing but a most powerful inspiration could have impelled him to keep up his courage and enthusiasm during the eighteen years of struggle and disappointment which elapsed before he was enabled to accomplish the mission he felt was imposed upon him from on high.

The noble Washington may be mentioned as another great man who was impressed that he had a mission to perform. It is the delight of American historians to speak of his devotion to his Maker; and artists are fond of depicting an incident in his life where he retired from camp to offer up prayer to heaven.

Stanley, the noted African explorer, sincerely believes that he was aided in his undertaking by the Almighty, and describes incidents in his travels where he was preserved from famine in a most miraculous manner, by the interposition of Providence.

It is true that many notable and worthy men have disclaimed fellowship in religious organizations. On this account they have sometimes been looked upon as disbelievers, but their works or their writings in many cases show that their belief in a Creator is more rational than that of many people who make louder professions of faith.

E. F. P.

MONEYBAGS: "Advertising, my dear boy, always pays."

Youngblood: "It hasn't paid me."

"What do you mean?

"Nothing, except that father advertised me in the papers a while ago, and I haven't been able to get tick anywhere since."

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Sea Claims Its Own.

THERE are very few boys in whom does not exist an admiration for bold deeds on the sea. The charm of adventure, of danger and of travel in strange climes, contrives to invest the sea-farer's life and acts with a delight which the realities of existence aboard ship do not justify. Yet the watery main is not without its measure of enjoyment to those who speed where wind and wave may direct, nor is it meager of heroic incidents and important achievements in the world's great procession of events.

It is not quite thirty years since a naval battle was fought off the coast of France between two vessels representing different sides in the cruel conflict then raging in America. This engagement was at that time regarded, and since also has been considered, as one of the most decisive and important in the whole civil war. It only lasted fifty-five minutes from the time the first gun was fired, but it resulted in one vessel going promptly to the bottom, and with it all the naval hopes of the Confederacy. The fated ship was the noted *Alabama*, which had long been a terror to American commerce, bravely sailed by Captain Semmes, and desperately fought by him and the daring, reckless crew under his command. The victor in the duel off the French coast was the United States wooden ship *Kearsarge*, built in 1861, in Maine, commanded by Captain Winslow, and only just now, on the 2nd of February, 1894, wrecked on a reef in the Caribbean Sea, off the coast of Nicaragua, Central America. In the fight referred to, she was struck some twenty-six times by the *Alabama*'s shot and shell; one of the latter, which lodged in her stern-post, fortunately did not explode, or she

would probably never have survived to go to pieces on this hidden rock in the western sea.

Thrilling indeed was the battle that sunny June Sunday in 1864, when the *Alabama*, having been located in Cherbourg harbor by the *Kearsarge*, boldly announced her determination to go out on the open sea and fight. Thousands of eager French spectators assembled on the shore to witness the encounter. It was to them a rare holiday spectacle. The vessels were evenly matched in size, guns and crew, and all realized that the hitherto victorious Confederate must now face a foe sent out specially to fight and capture her. It was necessary that they should respect the harbor rights of a friendly power and remove beyond its shore line before beginning operations. Accordingly they steamed out slowly to sea, the *Kearsarge* leading. When about seven miles out, she wheeled and charged upon her antagonist. The great guns bellowed forth their storm of smoke and shell, and at a range of a quarter to a half mile, the ships circling round about each other, the dreadful game was played. At the seventh rotation on their circular course, the *Alabama*, badly shattered and filling fast with water, turned her head toward the French coast. Her pursuer was close at hand. Another broadside completed the destruction of the fast sinking ship, which now had hauled down her colors. Boats were lowered, an English yacht came alongside, the wounded, some of the crew, and Captain Semmes were taken off, and escaped capture by the *Kearsarge*. Captain Semmes dropped his sword into the sea, that he might not have to surrender it. He saw the bow of his vessel rise until it stood upright in the water, and then, straight as a plummet, down she went, stern first, into the depths,

and her commander turned his sad face toward England.

The United States has built and equipped many gallant and more splendid ships since those days of horrid war, but there was none of them that ever was so near the people's heart as the stout old *Kearsarge*, the dreaded *Alabama's* victor. The memory of her one great battle will be kept ever green. It had been designed to withdraw her from commission and permit her to pass her declining years safe and snug in quiet port. This plan has been defeated by the treacherous rock in the far-off sea. After all, it is not unfitting that the element she has long and bravely weathered should thus rudely have taken her to its cool, green embrace at last!

IN EARLY DAYS.

Some Pioneer Recollections.

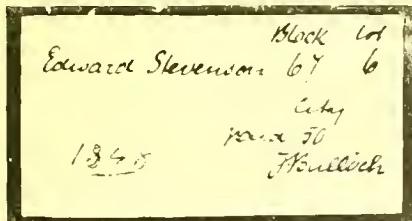
THE two accompanying cuts are facsimiles of a deed of a sage brush lot—one of the first surveys made in Utah, which took place soon after the arrival in Salt Lake Valley of the Pioneers of July 24th, 1847. At that time the country was wild, forbidding, barren, except where patches of sage brush were found. Indeed it was a dry, parched land; there were seams and great cracks in the earth. It was Mexican territory at that time; our nearest neighbors were over one thousand miles away from us. Paper was very scarce in those times, consequently it was cut up into small bits, a little less than one inch by two inches in size, as is to be seen in the reproductions which are exact photographs of the original, only the latter was written on both sides, consequently it was necessary to produce two cuts to show the whole deed.

These deeds of survey constituted a legal title to the property until a government title was procured, when larger deeds superceded them.

Many who have examined this little souvenir deed, expressed a wish to have a copy of it, so for the curiosity of those interested in matters pertaining to pioneer days, I cheerfully present it to the public. It will be perceived that the one and a quarter acre lot for which it was given, cost only \$1.50. During the real estate boom that same property would have brought \$100,000.

I am the only one in the whole block,

*paid 100⁰⁰ in fees
for the Survey
of lot 6 - Block 67
H. Stevenson*



out of eight original owners, who has maintained continual possession since 1848, forty-six years. From this north-east corner running south, my next original neighbor was H. W. Church, next John Benbow, then William Carter; next on south-west corner, A. O. Smoot, (now County Courthouse lot). On the next, north of A. O. Smoot, was Samuel Turnbow; adjoining him was John Brown, and on the north-west corner was located James Ferguson.

Many changes have taken place in regard to those lots and owners during the past forty-six years. To recount

the many difficulties and privations of those early days, could not fully be done with simple pencil and paper. For a time roots boiled and mashed into pulp, mixed with wheat or corn ground in a coffee mill, without sifting, mixed half and half and baked into what was called bread, was our chief sustenance; and what was worse still only such a small ration was allowed, that to eat it was only sufficient to sharpen up the appetite, to await the next scanty meal. I have known of \$1 having been offered for one pound of flour, in those times of scarcity of flour. Yet in all that was passed through there was no sadness, and very little complaining was to be heard. But hope, that great support in time of need, with a reliance upon God, have brought a cheerful people and their country to what we now behold.

Edward Stevenson.

A Reminiscence of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

IN the year 1842 I was moving with my parents from Indiana to Nauvoo, Illinois, and one bright sunny day as we came within three miles of that city we met a buggy with two men in it. The buggy turned out of the road and stopped.

My father was driving our team, and he stopped the horses. The man in the buggy asked if we were moving to Nauvoo. Father replied that we were.

The gentleman in the buggy said, "No doubt you have heard of Joseph Smith the Prophet."

Mother then answered, "We have come five hundred miles to see him."

"I am that man," replied the person in the buggy who acted as spokesman, and then called us all up to the side of the buggy and shook hands with us, and gave father some instructions about

where to go to purchase some land, and to settle near the city.

But one thing I remember was, when the Prophet took hold of my hand and said to me, "May God bless you, my little man," I felt a thrill through my whole body like a current of electricity, and I can say that the recollections of my feelings on that occasion have followed me through life, and when dangers on sea and land threatened my destruction, I have thought of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and all perils have been removed from me.

Again I remember the Prophet arising to preach to a large congregation in the grove west of the Temple in Nauvoo. He stated that he would preach on spiritual gifts, as he said his Heavenly Father had given him power or a gift of other languages. He took a large Bible that was on the stand, and read from Paul on spiritual gifts about half the chapter; and then said that he would exercise his gift and would read the same in German, so he read it and then asked the congregation if there was any that understood what he read, and two Germans arose in the congregation and said that it was read correctly. Then Joseph stated that every Latter-day Saint had a gift, and by living a righteous life, and asking for it, the Holy Spirit would reveal it to him or her.

I recollect the Prophet arising to speak at another time in the grove in Nauvoo. I think it was on the occasion of the funeral of Elder King Follet, who was crushed to death in a well. The subject of baptism for the dead was dwelt upon, and when he had spoken about thirty minutes there came up a heavy wind and storm. The dust was so dense that we could not see each other any distance, and some of the people were leaving when Joseph called out to them

to stop and let their prayers ascend to Almighty God that the winds may cease blowing and the rain stop falling, and it should be so. In a very few minutes the winds and rain ceased and the elements became calm as a summer's morning. The storm divided and went on the north and south of the city, and we could see in the distance the trees and shrubs waving in the wind, while where we were it was quiet for one hour, and during that time one of the greatest sermons that ever fell from the Prophet's lips was preached on the great subject of the dead.

Amasa Potter.

KEEP TROUBLE TO YOURSELF.

If you find yourself in a gloomy mood,
And feel you have nothing good to say,
Just wait till you think of something good,
And do your talking some other day.

It is better far to silent be,
And wait till wisdom guides the will,
Than grant the tongue full liberty
To burden the world with greater ill.

We all have trouble, and some to spare,
In this checkered vale of sin and woe:
And the surplus hours of worldly care
Our neighbors had better never know.

But if, perchance, your mood is bright,
And your bosom glows with love and joy,
Diffuse the sunshine, give us light,
And help us to share your sweet employ.

To live and practice better things
Than the carnal mind would have us do,
Is life's grand secret, and clearer brings
The scope of being within our view.

The world is pleading our highest aim
To heal its sorrow with love and cheer,
But on means to vex it lays no claim:
Of these enough are already here.

So let us study to understand
The best to do and the best to say.
And scatter broadcast in the land
The seeds of blessing from day to day.

J. C.

Our Little Folks.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

My first I hope you'll all agree
We could not do without,
For the cattle and the horses
Would complain, I have no doubt.

The reproduction of the plant,
The producing of the seed,
Would all be much more limited,
And would fail to suit the need.

The second in the list you'll find
Most have a double portion;
Opticians seem to treat them well;
They're kept in steady motion.

And then we come to first again,
The same we've had before,
But they still are very busy
And often flit past the door.

Long have I let this cornered thing
Remain in wool but not ⁱⁿ sing,
And when I'm peering in the air
I see it in the words, "Look there."

The last, but not the least, I see,
Is found in heaven, also hell;
And when we from this earth shall go,
We'll meet it and will wish it well.

My whole is found in many homes
O'er all the country wide,
In this our land and distant climes
It's used oft for a guide.

C. R.

My 10, 11, 12, 13, 6, 7 and 20 is one
of the books of Moses.

My 2, 3, 15 and 1 we aim to keep at
a regular point in the body.

My 4, 5, 8 and 9 is generally presented
to the young lover before marriage.

My 16, 14, 17 and 18 same as three.

My 10, 19, 15 and 1 is the name of a
small troublesome insect.

My whole represents the future of our
country.

C. R.

1. Use me well and I'm everybody;
scratch my back and I'm nobody.

2. Why is the figure 9 like a peacock?

3. What is that which has never been
felt, seen nor heard, and yet has a name?

4. What part of the face resembles a
schoolmaster?

5. What fishes have their eyes nearest
together?

6. What is that which is put on the
table and cut but never eaten?

7. What is smaller than an ant's
mouth?

The answers to enigmas and conundrums published in No. 2 are: 1, The tongue; 2, rainbow; 3, brain; 4, thousand; 5, she weighs anchor; 6, it's placed between two I's; 7, that which is not eaten; 8, in February, because it is the shortest; 9, the letter I; 10, it is far-fetched and full of nonsense.

The number of correct solutions received is as follows: Agnes M. Owens, Deweyville, 9; Nellie Knell, Pinto, 8, Melvin Quigley, Payson, 2; David K. Hendry, Wellsville, 2.

A REMINDER.

We find it necessary to again remind some of our young friends who are competing for prizes we have offered, to send us only original stories, puzzles, conundrums and enigmas. We repeat also that the stories must contain some little incident—they must tell about something that happened. Essays on truth, honesty, obedience or some other virtue will not be accepted as stories unless they contain some anecdote or incident that points out one or more of these virtues.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Sketch of Missionary Work.

It was in one of the lovely months of autumn, when nature had donned her most beautiful garb, the golden grain of the harvest field had been stored away, when one morning news came to the father of a small family that he had been one of the chosen few who had been selected to bear the "glad tidings of great joy" to the nations of the earth, to warn them of approaching judgments, that would befall them if they did not repent of their wicked ways and serve the true and living God. Only a few short weeks were given him for preparation, and though hard the parting, yet the hand of Providence could be seen in all. And when that ever memorable 17th of October came and passed, the loving husband, kind father, and dutiful son had made another step in advance on that road where only the pure heart are permitted to travel.

Marked were the promises made to him when set apart for his missionary labor, one being: "You will be permitted to return unto your family and friends in peace and in safety, if you hearken unto the commands of God."

He was assigned to labor in the Southern States, and more especially Tennessee and Kentucky. New and varied were the sights and views which met his gaze. After setting foot upon the soil of his Southern home, he had written a lengthy letter to his dear ones, describing new scenes and writing words of encouragement and cheer to the loved ones in far-off Utah. It was not long before a letter was had from home, and among other things they said that they had supplicated their Maker to preserve him from all evil, harm or accident, that he might understand the

position he had been called to occupy, and more fully sense the responsibilities of the same, that his labor might be filled in an acceptable manner before the Lord. This seemed as a fertile spot upon the desert of life, and served to act as a "balm of Gilead" unto his soul, and to impart energy unto his labors. It was about this time that the spirit of mobocracy prevailed to such an extent in that particular section of the country.

The missionaries were abused, and many times were forced to remain in the woods, with no protection except the star spangled dome of heaven, using the ground for a bed and their grip for a pillow, going hungry when others had plenty, and all for the sake of the promulgation of truth. Yet a friend was met with at times, and was fully appreciated, being a friend to them in very deed. Thus things were getting along fairly well, when the father of the absent one was stricken down with that dreadful and terrible disease, pneumonia. Everything that could be done to alleviate his sufferings was tried, but no, his mission was filled here, he was needed elsewhere, and on the morning of the 24th of December he breathed his last. The sad news conveyed to the absent one, when received caused tears of anguish and of sorrow to come from his inmost soul, and in the hour of his affliction he could find but little comfort. He had been absent from home two months and some few days, and all this in so short a space; what might not the remaining period bring!

But he was determined to carry out the last request of his father, which was: "My son, whatever happens remain at your post of duty, and let it be said that you fulfilled an honorable mission."

And with this assurance his comfort-

ing words were received and read with a serene and tranquil joy.

The labors of the missionaries were stirring up strife, and mob violence could be felt at different times and at different places. Many meetings were broken up, and the Elders sought the woods for safety and protection. And when so persecuted in one part of the vineyard, they would quietly depart and begin work elsewhere.

At one period when the Elders were traveling from a certain town, they were pursued by the mob and were forced to hide in the woods several days, but being almost starved they concluded to press onward, and it was necessary that a certain place should be reached before morning, or they would be detected. The walk was long, and caused them to be footsore and weary, so much so that it became necessary for them to take off their boots in order to walk. The spot referred to was reached just at break of day. The howling of the blood hounds owned by the mob, could be distinctly heard. The orders of the mob to each other could be heard. Imagine the situation of the Elders, dear reader, if you can. The mob were ahead and in the rear was open country—another Pharaoh and the children of Israel. To retreat meant capture, and to go on meant perhaps death. In this perilous situation they knelt down and besought their Maker to spare their lives, and frustrate the designs of their enemies. Upon arising what was their happy surprise to find the mob enveloped in thick fog. It traveled with them, and thus the Elders were permitted to pass on in safety. At another time the mob, hunting the Elders, were so close to them that one of the mob stepped upon an Elder's garment, and thus did God help those who helped themselves.

Things went on in this way until nearly two years had elapsed, when one morning in August, as the Elders were holding meeting on Cane Creek, Lewis County, two of the beloved servants of God were compelled to lay down their lives for their religion, and thus seal their testimony with their blood.

We are all acquainted with the details of this affair and the great consternation produced by the same.

The remaining Elders and Saints were compelled to flee for safety; and the blood-thirsty fiends, with human form, went to their homes, not being disturbed by even the laws of the land.

It was hard to procure the bodies after they were buried, but when obtained they were sent directly to Utah in charge of the subject of our sketch.

He was compelled to remain with the bodies most of the time coming, and therefore got little or no rest. Some were very generous to him and helped all they could; others would not even help to move the coffins from one train to another.

It was on the 20th of August, 1884, when he arrived home. He was unexpectedly called from his missionary labors, and therefore had little or no time to collect his things, and from necessity he was compelled to leave most of his clothing, etc. When the family look back to the time they were separated and the goodness of God shown unto them, they feel like repeating the words of the poet:

O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above! C. R.

Cured By Faith.

FOR the benefit of my young readers, I will tell them how my brother was healed by the power of faith. At the

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

time this occurred we lived in the Eighteenth Ward, Salt Lake City. My brother was very sick. He was so low that his life was despaired of.

He had lain for two days in one position (only as he was moved by those who attended him), with his eyes set, when mother thought if she could get Sister Snow and Sister Zina D. Young to come and wash and anoint him he would get better. So they were sent for. They said he was very low, but they would comply with mother's request.

When they got his head and arms done, he raised up and began to play with Sister Snow's watch and chain, to the surprise of all who had seen him.

He got right well. He is now 16 years old.

My mother often reminds him of how he was cured by the power of faith, and tells him he should be an extra good boy. We children should have great faith in the power of the Priesthood, when we are sick, and insist on having the Elders lay hands on our heads. And the Lord says we shall recover if we are not appointed unto death, and if we die then we die unto the Lord. Sister Snow spoke of this instance in meeting to strengthen the faith of her listeners, and it is a great testimony to all that the Lord hears and answers the prayers of the faithful. *May Jacobs, age 13.*

HEBER CITY.

COME, ALL YE SONS OF ZION.

Male Chorus.

WORDS FROM L. D. S. HYMN BOOK.

MUSIC BY E. F. PARRY.

1. Come, all ye sons of Zi - on, And let us praise the Lord; His ransomed are re -
 2. Come, ye dispersed of Ju-dah, Join in the theme and sing, With har - mo - ny un -
 3. Re - joice, re - joice, O Is - rael, And let your joys a - bound! The voice of God shall
 4. Then gather up for Zi - on, Ye Saints throughout the land, And clear the way be -

turn-ing, Ac - cord-ing to His word; In sac - red songs and gladness They
 ceas-ing, The prais-es of our King, Whose arm is now ex - tend-ed, On
 reach you Wher-ev - er you are found, And call you back from hond-age, That
 fore you As God shall give com - mand. Though wick - ed men and dev - ils Ex -

walk the narrow way, And thank the Lord who brought them To see the lat - ter day.
 which the world may gaze, To gath-er up the righteous In these the lat - ter days.
 you may sing His praise In Zi-on's peaceful val - leys, In these the lat - ter days.
 eret their pow'r, 'tis vain, Since He who is e - ter - nal Has said you shall ob - tain.

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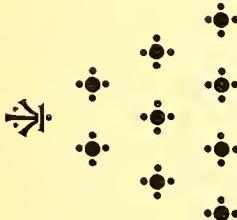
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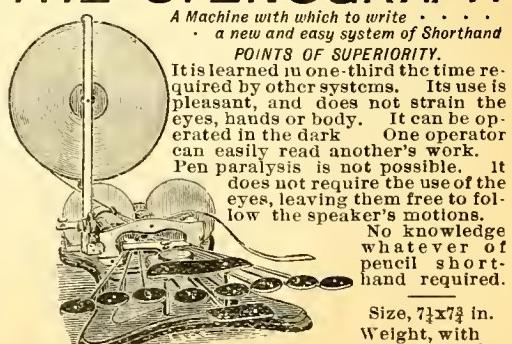
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